The Deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd Steele againſt our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for Heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yeſter-day, bid time returne,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the VVelch-men hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouſand Men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reaſon to looke pale, and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flye from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my ſelfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the Kings Name forty thouſand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to ſerve our turne,
But who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,
Then

Then can my care-tun'd tongue
Rich. Mine eare is open, and my
The worſt is worldly loſſe, tho
Say, Is my Kingdome loſt? why
And what loſſe is it to be rid of
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as gre
Greater he ſhall not be: If he ſ
Wee'l ſerve him too; and be his
Revolt our ſubjects? That we
They breake their Faith to God
Cry Woe, Deſtruction, Ruine, L
The worſt is Death, and death w
Scroope. Glad am I, that your
To beare the tidings of Calam
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy da
Which make the ſilver Rivers d
As if the world were all diſſolu
So high, above his Limits, ſwel
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your
With hard bright Steele, and he
White Beares have arm'd their
Againſt thy Majeſty, and boye
Strive to ſpeake bigge, and cla
In ſtiffe unwieldy Armes: again
Thy very Beadſmen learne to b
Of double fatall Eugh: againſt
Yea Diſtaffe-VVomen manage
Againſt thy Seat both young an
And all goes worſe then I have
Rich. Too well, too well thou
VVhere is the Earle of Wiltſh
VVhat is become of *Buſhy*? wh
That they have let the dangero
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch
If we prevaile, their hands ſha
I warrant they haue made peac
Scroope. Peace have they ma
Lord.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19)